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Delivered at Philadelphia, on the 19th of October, 1876,

THE DAY SET APART FOR

Memorial Exercises,

ON THE PART OF

Maryland at the Centennial Exhibition.

✓
BY J. V. L. FINDLAY, Esq.

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ADDRESS.

AMID the silence of great woods, along with the leaves among which it nestled in the summer prime, the future monarch of the forest, wrapped in his tiny shell, drops to the ground as lightly as the footfall of a squirrel; but earth and air feel the shock in the rooted majesty of a thousand years. So fell the seed of English liberty upon the virgin soil of the new world. In contemplating its marvellous growth and development, no feature in its history strikes the student with more interest and indeed awe, than the long period during which the ground was permitted to lie fallow before the seed was sown.

The close of the 15th century found England in possession of the greater part of the North American continent by the right of discovery, a title then everywhere recognized among nations. But Henry VII. had long been laid away in his beautiful chapel. Henry VIII., after a long reign of mingled glory and shame, had followed him. The bloody hands of Mary had mouldered into dust, and Elizabeth was sitting well-balanced upon her throne, before the waters of the North Atlantic, first vexed by the adventurous keel of the Cabots, darkened with the shadow of an English sail. For a period of nearly ninety years after its dis-

covery, a profound repose settled upon the Northern half of the continent, broken only by the war-whoop of the savage or the restless cry of his fellow wild beast in the wilderness.

In the meanwhile Balboa had caught from the heights of Darien the first glimpse of the Pacific, and in an impetuous moment of loyal fervor claimed it and all its islands for the Spanish crown. Cortez unlocked the coffers of Mexico, and Pizarro, following in his wake, broke into the still more glittering treasures of Peru. Even the French, proverbially slow in breaking the ties which bind them to their homes, under the pressure of religious persecution, had sent out two short-lived colonies to the shores of the Port Royal and the St. Johns. But England in the midst of this general stir, remained passive and indifferent. Various causes have been assigned for this apparent apathy in a people since distinguished above all others for the restless spirit of aggression which has invaded every quarter of the globe. It has been suggested that under the decree of the Pope in 1493, all the seas and dry land westward from a line drawn from Pole to Pole, a hundred leagues West of the Azores had been determined to be within the lawful jurisdiction of Spain, and to venture, therefore, across that line was to declare war against the proudest and most powerful monarchy in Europe.

The hazard of such an undertaking, as far as England was concerned, was heightened by the negotiations then pending between Henry VII. and Ferdinand, for the espousal of the Princess Catharine to Arthur and

afterwards to his brother Henry. This connection between England and Spain commenced in the negotiations for a marriage alliance, was continued between Henry VIII. and the Emperor Charles V. in a military league against France, and afterwards Spanish domination in England was consummated by the union of Philip and Mary. In view of such relations it was against the public policy of the English crown to assert its claim to the Northern portion of the continent which it was the first to discover.

But whatever mystery surrounds the cause, the great fact itself stands out in bold relief, that three generations passed away before the first Englishman left a fickle footprint upon the sands of Carolina, and that another generation followed before a permanent foothold was secured near the mouth of the James and on the rugged rock of Plymouth.

More wonderful still, perhaps, was the staying hand which restrained the eager spirit of Spanish adventure then exploring every coast from Cuba to Mexico. Happily for us the insatiable thirst for gold and a natural liking, perhaps, for a warmer sun and softer skies allured the Spaniard to the region of the tropics, and left him there a stranded wreck amid the ruin of the people he had enslaved and debauched.

So from 1497 to the closing quarter of the 16th century, no attempt was made in England to take possession or settle, or even explore the splendid domain which we have inherited, and whose gathered trophies are now the wonder of the world. To those who recognize the influence of Providence upon the affairs of

men, it is not difficult to divine the cause of this seclusion so long and so carefully maintained. The old world was becoming new. England was passing through the trials and throes of a political and religious revolution in which the minds of men were clarifying as to popular liberty and the consciences of men were shaking off the bondage of an ancient superstition which had served its purpose and was now to be set aside. The new learning clothed in the language of the country was beginning to diffuse itself among the people. The power of the Barons had been broken in the war of the Roses, and feudal tenures were gradually passing away with the system upon which they depended for support. A new class of society, neither noble nor yeoman, but midway between the two, was making itself felt both in town and country—that steady, sober, conservative body of men called the middle class, who have done so much to advance the glory and prosperity of England in arts and in arms. Science, too, drugged by the old philosophy, was waking up from its long stupor and rubbing its eyes in the light of a new and clearer dawn. A restless activity, a prying curiosity, a habit of questioning and investigating, a desire for novelty seized the people. The British Constitution, which had been assuming definite form and shape ever since Magna Charta, was just upon the eve of the great trial by the Stewarts, father and son, a trial which was to determine whether the will of the King, moderated only by his own sense of right or the will of the people bound up in immemorial customs and ancient laws, was to govern. But more important than all religious per-

secutions had cursed the kingdom; the dying embers around one set of martyrs serving for fire to light the fagots for another.

The law of humanity seems to be that perfection can alone be developed by suffering—that national as well as individual character, takes on its highest polish and finest temper in the furnace of affliction. Out of the long contest waged between the people and the crown, was slowly evolved that deep sense of law, which Lord Coke fitly expressed to King James, when he declared that the king was under no man, but *sub Deo* and *sub lege*, by the very nature and constitution of things.—so was created and so must live. Out of the fires and the scaffold, where martyrs to conscience, from one creed or another alternately fell, was painfully evolved a sense of religious toleration, a sentiment of slower growth working its way up through a bloodier environment than even civil liberty.

These were some of the influences under which a correct and chastened sense of freedom was slowly springing up, upon English soil, to be transplanted from its precarious nursery, to this chosen spot of the world, where the sword of the Almighty had flamed for a century to keep off or drive out all intruders, until the fulness of time had come.

Now far be it from me at any time, still further on this occasion of national cheer and good fellowship, to utter one word, or give expression to one sentiment, to which even an exaggerated state pride or sectional jealousy could take offence.

I recognize the propriety of preserving whatever has been accomplished for human advancement by any of the States which make up our national system, as a common heritage of which all are possessed in the whole and in every part. I count that man a public enemy who would destroy the unity of possession, by apportioning to Maryland one moiety of this glory, and to Massachusetts another, it matters not upon what principle of exact justice the division is to be made.

In its very nature the estate is incapable of partition, can neither be weighed or divided, is too subtle and intangible for the scale or the compass. It is like the universal air we breathe or the light which streams from the sun, the common blessing of all. Discarding, therefore, as a sentiment unworthy of the occasion, any attempt to magnify the achievements of one State at the expense of another, the severest historical justice declares that it was neither at Jamestown, nor on the bleak shores of Massachusetts Bay, that civil or religious liberty, the tree of life, was planted in the new world. It was in Maryland, our own little State, less showy in the evidences of material development, than some of her more populous and prosperous sisters, but rich as the richest, in the far more precious memorials of human worth. Civilization is too often confounded with the mere advance in wealth, population, the arts, and all the appliances and comforts which a splendid materialism gathers for its support. But properly speaking, it is the science which teaches men the principles upon which happy

and useful lives can be spent under the civil compact which binds society together.

It is the art of self-government lifted out of the narrow sphere of individual, into the broader field of national, action. Tested by this definition, the state which extirpates a vicious prejudice which has disturbed the repose of the world, and substitutes in its stead a correct principle of living, has done more towards civilizing men, than if she had filled all these buildings with the treasures of her genius and art.

The Plymouth Pilgrims were distinctively separatists, both in Church and State. They laid the foundations of their religious and social polity, upon principles of the strictest seclusion. They had scarcely huddled together like sea-fowl upon their barren rock, shivering under the wintry blasts of the Atlantic, before they drove off the Episcopalians, and ere long murdered the Quakers. To exercise any political right, or enjoy any franchise among them, it was necessary to be a member of their Church. Roger Williams unfortunately held that punishment for any matter of conscience was persecution, and they drove him out into the wilderness. Poor Mrs. Hutchinson, would rather be saved by a covenant of grace, than a covenant of works, and this was enough to doom her to banishment. It is clear that the free institutions of the United States, have nothing in common with intolerance like this. We must look elsewhere for the germs of principles, which are now firmly rooted in every

State polity in the Union. It is well known that the first Lord Baltimore died, before the Charter of Maryland, generally believed to have been the work of his hand, passed the Great Seal on the 20th of June, 1632. His son and heir, Cæcilius Calvert, obtained the grant which had been promised his father, and on the 22nd of November, 1633, sent out a colony under the direction of his brother, Leonard, to take possession of Maryland. This little company of two hundred souls, after a tempestuous voyage, landed at St. Mary's in the latter part of March, 1634. It has been doubted whether the terms of the Charter, "God's holy rights, and the true Christian religion," any interpretation contrary to the furtherance of which was forbidden, evinced an intention on the part of Calvert to establish toleration as a cardinal principle of his government. It has been contended by eminent authority, that even conceding such was the intention of Calvert, he is entitled to no particular merit for it; because, owing to the peculiar situation of the Catholic Church at that time, he had no liberty of choice in the matter.

Without reviewing the grounds of the controversy, the evidence seems to be conclusive that while the ambiguous language of the Charter was used possibly by the senior Calvert to screen his intentions towards the disciples of his own faith, the oath of office prescribed for the Governor of the Colony, as early as 1636, by Cæcilius, establishes beyond doubt the purpose of this benevolent and far-seeing statesman to tolerate every Christian sect upon principles of enlightened justice and public policy. The material part of

this oath enjoined it upon the subscriber that he would not, directly or indirectly, trouble, molest or discountenance any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion; that he would make no difference on the same account in conferring offices, favors, or rewards, and that his public aim should be public unity. Religious persecution was then rife in Massachusetts, and six years later, the Puritans were driven out of Virginia and settled in Maryland near Annapolis. To establish by law, what had already been sanctioned by long continued practice, the Act of 1649 was passed, declaring Christian toleration to be the settled policy of the proprietary government. There is a still stronger proof of the mild and benignant spirit which animated the early founder of our State, which is in entire harmony with the tolerant regard with which he treated the religious scruples of his fellow beings. The little colony which dropped anchor in the peaceful waters of the Saint Mary's, seem to have been the first white people ever landed upon these shores who had any proper conception of the rights of the native population. Before their appearance the Cross was looked upon not so much as the symbol of love as of punishment and cruelty. Such were the friendly, social and religious relations established between our forefathers and the natives, that no Indian war desolated our soil, while Massachusetts and Virginia were the frequent scenes of terrible outbreaks and atrocious massacres, in which natives and whites were alternately slaughtered. The author of a policy so beneficent in its results must have been a large

hearted, humane and liberal gentleman; and if this is so, surely there is nothing in the possession of such qualities incompatible with the character of a Christian, tolerant alike in faith and practice.

One of the most important events affecting the social and political economy of the province was the introduction of African Slavery, the precise date of which cannot now be definitely ascertained, but it was quite early in the history of the settlement. The bold and sweeping declarations as to the natural rights and equality of men, which preceded the revolutionary struggle for independence, were scarcely compatible with the continued servitude of the colored race. The condition of the free colored man, living in a community with which he had no political ties, was still more anomalous and alarming. In 1790 this class of our population had so increased as to number 111,079 souls, of whom 8,043 were free and 103,036 slaves. That the sentiment of Maryland subsequent to the Revolution was largely in favor of emancipation, is clearly shown by the ratio of increase of free colored over slave. It appears by the census of 1800 that the free colored had gained 143 per cent., while the slaves had only increased about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and from 1790 to 1850 the free had increased 821 per cent. and the slaves had actually decreased 12 per cent. It was the opinion of some of the soundest and safest heads in Maryland that colonization in Africa afforded the only solution of the colored problem. The contributions of her citizens aided materially in fitting out the first expedition to the coast of Africa in 1817. To the

Colonization Society, afterwards chartered by the State, an annual appropriation was made of \$10,000.

Then happened an event of which every Maryland man may feel justly proud; an event which deserves special commemoration, connected as it is with one of the most critical and interesting epochs in our history. The State, as is well known, had embarked largely in several works of internal improvement. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company was organized in June, 1828, with a capital stock of \$3,608,900, it having been estimated that a canal of the requisite dimensions from Washington to Cumberland could be constructed for about \$4,000,000. To prevent a diversion of trade to the District cities, and at the same time to strengthen her hold upon the West, Baltimore determined to build the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. About the same time various other schemes for internal improvement were agitated, for all of which State aid was sought and most generously supplied. When the canal reached Harper's Ferry the appropriations were exhausted, and the United States and Virginia refusing to lend any further assistance, Maryland undertook the work single handed. A subscription of \$2,000,000 was voted to aid the Canal. In 1835 the \$8,000,000 loan bill was passed, of which the Canal received \$3,000,000, the Baltimore and Ohio \$3,000,000, and the balance was distributed among other improvement companies on the Eastern and Western Shore. Still further subscriptions even after this were called for and voted by the State, until in 1839 her debt had swelled to the appalling sum of \$16,000,000. To discharge the inter-

est due on this immense debt, the ordinary revenues of the State were insufficient, and various schemes for raising the necessary funds were suggested. It was even proposed to use the school fund, and a stamp act was actually resorted to, so great and pressing was the financial strait in which the people of the State were involved. It was at this juncture that Chancellor Johnson, then Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, of the House of Delegates, applied to the President of the Colonization Society for information, whether it was not possible to dispense with the State's annual appropriation. The treasury was empty—the public creditor could not be paid—the people were burdened with onerous and odious taxes—economy and retrenchment were absolutely necessary to save the credit of the State. But the Society needed the money, and the appropriation was made and paid to the day.

Let it further be recorded, that after a severe trial of public virtue the financial honor of Maryland passed through the crisis unstained, and on the 1st of January, 1848, after a seven years suspension, the State resumed the payment of interest upon its whole debt, the perfect obligation of which, during every year of default, had been sternly upheld and maintained. Depreciated at that time in value more than a half, the credit of Maryland sells to-day at a heavy premium, and every man who takes it knows that he holds as his security the unsullied honor of a people who have never broken a promise or repudiated an obligation.

The Railroad Company, which dragged its slow length along the Potomac, has long since passed the Ohio, and reaching still further westward secured a permanent hold upon the shores of the Lakes and the Mississippi. With its coöperative connections it has grappled the commercial centres of the South and Southwest, and linked with hooks of steel the Atlantic to the Pacific. Chartered at a time when the assessed value of all the property in Baltimore, both real and personal, was only about \$25,000,000, it represents with its connections to-day \$170,000,000. In 1839 it operated 81 miles of road, exclusive of the Washington branch, with 26 locomotives, and earned in the transportation of passengers and freight \$407,000 in round numbers. To-day it has 560 locomotive engines, running over 2,460 miles of track, and earning upon the average nearly \$15,000,000 in the year. During the past crop year the receipts of grain in Baltimore, by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, amounted to 17,000,000 bushels. In 1860 the receipts were only 531,000 bushels. With the contributory aid of the Northern Central, it has poured into Baltimore during the past year ending on the 1st of August, more corn from the West than passed during the same period into the combined ports of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Nor is this a mere temporary spurt. There are substantial reasons why the ascendancy which Baltimore has reached as the exporting depot for Western grain, should be maintained as a permanent feature in her commercial history.

She has first the advantage of distance and the relatively cheaper cost of transportation which a short line necessarily insures. The average distance in favor of Baltimore, to Chicago, as compared with New York is 156 miles; to Cincinnati, 255 miles; to St. Louis, 259 miles; to Omaha, 172 miles; to Southern and Southwestern centres of commercial importance, 196 miles. To this natural advantage, which, like nature, is permanent and eternal, she has added the best terminal facilities to be found in an Eastern port, with the lowest rates for handling grain. She has also established a system of elevator inspections which has given the Baltimore shipped grain a local reputation in Great Britain. This, with the deepening of her harbor, so as to make her wharves accessible to vessels of the largest draft, with the cheapest and best fuel for steam purposes in the world, completes the superb circle of her unrivalled facilities. The practical result of them has been, that not only does the Western shipper do better by sending his grain to Baltimore, but the foreign purchaser is benefited by an average saving of three cents per bushel.

In this connection it would be proper, if time permitted, to refer to the resources of Maryland. I might speak of the wonderful fertility of her soil, the splendid mineral treasures which slumber beneath it, her temperate climate which favors every cereal production of value, the profusion of fruits, which give her the first standing among the States as a fruit grower, the untold wealth of her waters in fish and in oysters. I might draw a picture of the State, towering

in majestic beauty from the shore of the Bay, until her head is lost in the clouds of the Alleghanies, drawing after her a trailing robe of splendor, as the summer lily begins to fade, and autumn blushes in all her cheeks, while plenty crowns with fruits and flowers the queenliest month of the year. I might take you through those beautiful valleys, watered by the Pipe and the Patapsco, the Monocacy and the Antietam, in the full harvest time when all the land is waving with gold and the air musical with the songs of contented labor. I might point you to the Chesapeake, the finest inland sheet of water stirred by ocean's tides, whitened by the canvas of every nation, and rolling its waves over treasures richer far than sunken galleons or coral reefs. I might say behold the Eastern Shore, blushing like a bride amid the dowered wealth of field and orchard. Throughout all her borders I could point you to happy firesides, the abodes of culture and hospitality, where good cheer is dispensed with an open hand and a kind heart.

But Maryland speaks of the past to-day, and not the present. Her thoughts are not busy with her farms or her factories, her commerce or her arts. They are with her dead. She is travelling back to the scene of her origin, as a full grown man visits the home of his childhood, to draw fresh courage and hope from the venerable associations which cluster around the old homestead, to be softened by the lingering sweetness of a mother's love—to be strengthened by the sturdy memory of a father's example.

Upon this day, of all other days in the year, she has reason to say that it is not in miles of railroad, not in spindles or looms, not in flocks or herds, that Maryland counts her wealth. It is in the illustrious deeds of immortal sons, in the priceless heritage of great names—in the long and lengthening roll of deathless honor. The humble building she has set up upon this spot contains but little. A few woods and marbles, some minerals and ores, specimen products of her waters, comprise pretty much all there is to be seen. But there are names and faces looking down from the walls of that building which teach us that the moral grandeur of man is not in what he possesses, but in what he suffers and does for the good of his kind. Let me attempt to reproduce the scene which this anniversary day recalls. It will be borne in mind that the province of Maryland, by the express terms of its charter, was exempted from British taxation. The earliest effort, therefore, on the part of Great Britain to levy taxes in Maryland by means of the Stamp Act, had been resisted with a boldness nowhere else exhibited in the colonies. Independently of their chartered rights, it was insisted that the freemen of Maryland, as British subjects, could not be taxed without representation in Parliament. But the union of the two rights, as guaranteed by the express recognition of the charter and the traditions of the English Constitution, rendered their position impregnable. Not only was Hood the stamp vendor driven out of Maryland, but Frederick county Court solemnly decided that the Stamp Act was uncon-

stitutional and void. This audacious treatment of an Act of Parliament was followed, about nine years afterwards, by a still more remarkable assertion of right by the freemen of Maryland.

The brig "Peggy Stewart," belonging to a merchant in Annapolis, Mr. Anthony Stewart, had ventured into that port, on the 15th of October, with a cargo of tea in direct violation of the compact entered into by the sons of liberty, that tea was a "detestable plant," and should not be imported as long as Great Britain asserted the right to tax the colonies. As soon as the facts were known the sons of liberty began to assemble, and the greatest excitement prevailed. Stewart and the consignees of the tea who paid the duties, were at a loss to know what to do. They offered to ship the tea to the West Indies. They were ready to make any concessions, and in fact, drew up and signed the humblest of apologies. At this juncture, they applied for advice to Charles Carroll of Carrollton, in many respects the most extraordinary man the revolution produced. He was rich, had been educated in France, read law in the Temple, and had now returned to his native land soon to take possession of one of the finest estates in America. But he was not at liberty to vote or to hold office, or even to worship God, except in the privacy of his own chapel. It was to him that Stewart, in a crisis which he keenly felt, involved not only his character, but his liberty also, and possibly his life, applied for counsel. And what was the advice? Send the brig away, with her cargo, to some other port as had been suggested. No. Take your

vessel, Mr. Stewart, to some convenient point, and in the presence of your fellow-citizens, whose sense of liberty you have outraged, with your own hand, in broad day-light, burn her to the water's edge. The urgency of this suggestion was emphasised by the appearance of Dr. Warfield, of Anne Arundel County, at the head of a "Whig Club," who not only insisted upon burning the vessel, but were bent on hanging the owner. The advice was taken, and on the 19th of October, 1774, the offending brig was run on Windmill Point, off Annapolis, and there, in the presence of a great multitude, at the Capital of the Province, and in the face of the Provincial authorities, Mr. Stewart set fire to his vessel, which, with her cargo of tea, was totally consumed. As the flames kindled amid the shrouds of the doomed vessel, and flickered over the curious faces of the ardent multitude who lined the shore, the bonds which bound the old country to the new snapped with every burning cord, and as the black and smoldering wreck slowly settled in the water, it required no prophet's eye to see that a gulf as wide as the ocean was beginning to open between England and her colonies. Remember this was six months to a day before the memorable shot fired at Lexington was "heard round the world."

I am at a loss to know which to admire most—the sublime audacity of the act, or the man at whose instance it was done. Had Mr. Carroll been poor and irresponsible, it might be said that he risked little, because he had little to lose. But he was one of the richest men in the country. If he had

been invested with the rights of a freeman, it would not be so difficult to understand why he should have acted the part of a freeman. But he was a disfranchised man, and the marked disciple of a despised and persecuted sect.

Venerable man! first of citizens without a State—first of patriots without a country, an exile in your native land, an outlaw upon your own hearth-stone. Maryland, without a fetter upon conscience or creed—without a slave in her borders, black or white, in the presence of her dignitaries; with your own distinguished descendant as her Chief Magistrate, names you first in the long roll of her illustrious dead!

Along with Carroll stood Chase, the Demosthenes of America, the man who knew no halting, but thundered right on to his purpose, with the faith of a prophet and the zeal of a martyr. There was Johnson, too, the first Governor of the State, and the first to nominate George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental army.

Who can tell the brave story of Maryland's heroes, Smallwood, Howard, Gist, Williams, Smith, who gathered around Virginia's immortal son, leading the van or covering the retreat from Long Island to Cowpens? There, too, was Tilghman, an Aid to Washington from the beginning to the close of the war, in every engagement in which the main army was concerned; serving like his chief most of his time without pay, and dying at an early age with a reputation which drew from Washington one of the bravest and tenderest tributes

which one soldier can pay to another. Who can speak for that nameless band whose part

“In all the pomp that fills
The summer circuit of the hills,
Is that their grave is green.”

When the war had closed on the 19th day of October, at Yorktown, amid the tears and plaudits of a grateful people, it was in the capital of Maryland that Washington surrendered the commission which had been tendered him on the nomination of a Maryland man, and which had been so patiently, so faithfully, and so gloriously fulfilled. The 19th of October witnessed in Maryland, in later days, a scene of which no other State can boast. On that day, in the midst of Howard's Park, the tall white shaft which records the public services of Washington, was completed by the erection of that colossal statue which looks down with calm benignity upon the stately edifices and thronging multitudes of Baltimore. The immediate successors of the revolutionary heroes were worthy of their sires and remembrance. And here a tribute would be due to the “Old Defenders” of the war of '12, if time permitted, and particularly to Key, who, as a Maryland man, has linked her name to that stately strain whose measured march fitly marks the time of national progress in peace and war. A school of lawyer statesmen sprung up in Maryland, of which William Pinkney was the most distinguished ornament. The greatest lawyer in America as Chief Justice, Marshall is said to have pronounced him; he also exhibited the

rarest gifts of the diplomat and the orator. No man can understand the full power and compass of forensic eloquence, even although he is yet glowing with the inspiration of Erskine, who has not followed Pinkney in some of his magnificent flights, in which he soars like the eagle to unapproachable altitudes, but bears you aloft so easily, and with such a steady stroke and even strength of wing, that all apprehension of a fall is lost in the glorious exhilaration of the ascent. Wirt, too, is not to be forgotten, who, in addition to his splendid abilities and attainments, added the charm of a graceful pen. Passed away too recently for eulogy is our own Johnson—lawyer and statesman—making and leaving his impression upon the people of the whole country, known and honored not only at home but abroad.

There, too, was the venerable Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney, whose monument had long been completed in the recorded judgments of the Supreme Court, and crowned with the figure of justice herself, before his bust was permitted to fill its appointed niche among the worthies who grace its walls. The virtuous example of illustrious jurists like these impressed itself upon the bar of Maryland; and not only, as a general rule, helped to mould the characters of upright and honorable practitioners, but also gave us a bench which, without exception, I believe, has maintained its purity and integrity, unsullied by the faintest shadow of corruption. Weak judges there may have been—stupid judges possibly—although upon the whole the bench has maintained a high

character for learning and intelligence, but a corrupt judge—a taker of bribes, like some animal of an extinct species, was never heard of in Maryland.

There is one reflection to which I wish to give a voice before closing, and for which I crave your considerate indulgence, because I feel that it is venturing upon dangerous ground.

Maryland, as I have attempted to show, is not merely *one* of the oldest of the States, but in point of development in the growth of those principles of civil and religious liberty which distinguish the system of institutions and laws, State and national, under which we have lived and prospered, is in point of fact the *very* oldest of the original thirteen. Assuming the privilege which is everywhere accorded to ripened experience and wisdom, repelling with scorn and indignation the very thought of party or partizanship, conscious of her own rectitude and purity of intention, she has a word of admonition to offer, in this hundredth year of the republic, which she hopes may strengthen its foundations against the assaults of the coming century: She knows that national sentiment, the instinct which we call patriotism, originates, not so much either in lineage or language, as in the associations of common perils and trials. It is in the struggle with a common enemy, in the vicissitudes of the battle, in the glory of the triumph, that national character is shaped and hardened. It took seven hundred years' war with the Moor to make the Spaniard. It was in the long and bloody contests with France that the pride of the Englishman received its national impulse. Ger-

many to-day, in contact with the same power, discovered at Sedan the source and secret of a new unity. So it was with this country. It was the struggle for independence which made us a people. What is to unmake us? that is the problem. It is apparent that the common fame of the revolution, in which we all share, and which has heretofore been the unfailing source of national sentiment, has dried up or receded within shrivelled banks under the scorching influence of our civil war. Men are affected by what is near—not by what is remote, and the glory of the fathers is not so telling when it has been equalled, if not eclipsed, by the more recent glory of their sons.

Trenton, Saratoga, and even Yorktown, will sometimes be forgotten by a generation which has thrilled with the living echoes of Appomattox and Gettysburg, of Chancellorsville and the first and second Manassas.

Precious the long lost dust at Long Island, where the young valor of Maryland went down amid the tears of Washington, but nearer still the graves of Antietam and Loudon Park where, in the happy spring time, eyes grow wet and hearts are heavy as flowers are strewn where sods are green. These are influences which denationalize a people, unless their tendency is carefully watched and checked by the proper remedy. The counsel of Maryland, touched by a sense of charity and toleration which have hallowed her sentiments from the cradle—the counsel of the land of Calvert who first opened the doors of Church and State to all—of the land of Carroll, who has left the most perfect



example of a generous and forgiving spirit to be found in the records of our country—of the land of Pinkney and of Johnson, whose great voices were ever heard on the side of conciliation and compromise, her counsel, her prayer, is for peace between the sections.

Not a smothered war, covered over with treacherous ashes, which the wind of every political canvass scatters aside; not a policy which marshalls the sections in solid and hostile array; but a principle based upon toleration and charity, as the cohesive elements of national unity. She wishes all the people to feel that these recent dead, whether they be shrouded in blue or gray, are a part of the common heritage of fame; that all—all are Americans, witnessing by their blood their agony and their death, that heroic virtue still survives among men; that the cause for which on one side or the other they died, may in the coming mutations of time be forgotten or sunk out of sight in some mightier convulsion, along the line of some fresh fracture; but that the valor, the self-denial, the long suffering which consecrates the cause, will live forever. Then what was sown in weakness may be raised in strength, and the glorified body of the new Union, in strict obedience to the law of life, spring into beauty and order from the festering mould of its own corruption and decay.